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to get a contribution from someone who apparently has a lot of money, that we ought to give them a big project to take care of and they will donate several thousand dollars and not just a few hundred dollars. My committee colleagues agreed with me. We must now get together (i.e., I must get together) a list of projects and attach price tags to them and then let the public pick and choose and I'm sure that we will get takers. We will have to finance the non-glamour repairs (roof, plumbing, wiring, etc.) but we will get the general public to make glamorous repairs, just as we got the general public to help repair the very visible and very audible clock in the tower. And so, James Colville of Toms River will be contacted when the correct time comes. It was odd to have the meeting at the Chellino: David and Joe Pascoe each bought the entire group (about 10 or 12) a round of drinks. It is a good place for a meeting but not as good as the Council Chambers; the activity is more focused in Council Chambers and it is easier to keep the meeting in sharp focus in Council Chambers than in the back room at the Chellino. DJB went over to the bar at one point and brought back Joe Calanni (8 Laurel Street) who is a local contractor who seems to know everyone in City Hall and Calanni was interested in making a bid on the work to be done to repair the roof: more about Joe Calanni's inspection report here follows. I arranged to meet with him at 10AM on Saturday in the lobby of City Hall and he was there. I was early and was seated on the table in the lobby of the building and saw him drive up and park in front of the building. On Thursday night Joe Calanni estimated that it would cost about five thousand dollars to repair the roof on the two-story wing of City Hall. He estimated that new slate would cost about 6 dollars per square foot and that new asphalt would cost about one dollar and fifty cents per square foot (asphalt of the weight of 360 pounds per hundred square feet). He also estimated that the roof line at the tower was ninety feet above the ground. On Saturday at 10 A.M. we immediately went to the attic level and inspected the roof from the inside out: Calanni found one roof support beam (12 inches by 12 inches) that is being damaged by a dripping pipe from an exhaust pipe from the toilets. The damaged beam is on the north side of the building near the dormer, and he reports that part of the damaged beam would have to be replaced. The masonry is in poor condition on the north dormer and that is causing the damage; He estimates that it will cost six to seven thousand dollars to repair the roof on the two-story wing, and that it would take one person three or four weeks to do it, but that three or four people could do the repairs in one week. He reports that some repairs would have to be done to the inside of the roof, but that the roof is 90% OK. We examined the tower and Calanni concluded that 90% of the water damage in the tower is from the damaged louvred windows on the 7th level of the tower and that the top of the tower is 140 feet from the ground and that it will be difficult if not impossible to get someone from the area to work that high up in the air (who says we have to get someone from the area to do it: it would be nice but there are contractors who can easily do what Calanni is claiming to be a virtually impossible task, i.e., impossible for him to do); Calanni estimates that it will cost six or seven thousand dollars to have the tower roof repaired. We discussed the possibility of building a new roof and placing it in position with a helicopter. It sounds far-fetched, but it might just be the easiest solution. After the attic-level inspection tour, Calanni and I went down to the Council Chambers and discussed the tour and I wrote down what is here reported. We walked down to the lobby and Jimmy Spall appeared from somewhere and he knows Calanni and they chatted and seem to be old friends. Calanni and Spall and I took leave of each other. I tried to see Pete Judge but he was not in his office. At the meeting on the 18th, we discussed the

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possibility of convincing the City to provide the materials (such as paint and plaster and such) and we will provide the manpower to fix up Mary Milligan's office and other offices on the second floor of City Hall. That is the matter I wanted to discuss with Judge but he was not to be found. David said that he would discuss the matter with Judge sometime before the meeting on March 18th. John Buberniak has designed a mailing piece for the Committee: we will hold off on printing it just now and make revisions when we know specifically to what use the mailing piece will be put. Pete Judge has found in his office the brass plaque that was attached to the clock and it was turned over to DJB and he brought it to the meeting and we passed it around. JVB will take it to the Vocational School and polish it up and will doubtless bring it with him to the meeting on the 18th. At about ten of the clock the meeting broke up. At 9:30 I telephoned WSP to tell him that I would get a ride home with Tomaine and that he did not have to come pick me up, as he volunteered to do. When the meeting broke up, Tomaine and Gene Free and I went with DJB into the Fire House to see Tom Brennan. He was watching television, as most firemen seem to do when they are not fighting fires, which is most of the time. I can't recall why we stopped into the Fire House, but what startled me was the way that Brennan and Tomaine reacted to each other. Brennan was quite and withdrawn in the extreme, and I couldn't figure out what the problem was. At Mister Donut I learned from Tomaine that he and Brennan used to be good friends and that now they no longer speak to each other. Reason unknown why. No one seems to get along with Brennan. Brennan hates Rinaldi, Brennan and Tomaine hate each other, Heth and Starzer hate each other, and so on. How can people allow their lives to be consumed by such trivial spats. It that their raison d'etre: to have a feud with someone? Well, I shall not go into all that here. Gene Free and Tomaine and I drank coffee for a couple of hours and Tomaine and Free did most of the talking: they reminisced and did one-liners on each other. Apparently they were students together at Scranton Technical High School and have not seen each other since those days. I was irritated all the while I was with them, and felt helpless because I knew that Tomaine would have to drive me home later and so I had to be pleasant. At the meeting at the Chellino we agreed to meet on Saturday for a work-session at the City Hall. On Friday morning I went to town and went to the Post Office and picked up the mail and then went to the NEWS office where I collected up David and we went to the Liberty Bank and got the checks (\$299 to me, another check for supplies of some sort) and then I went to City Hall for my 10 A.M. appointment with Calanni (if I said above that I met with Calanni on Saturday I meant to say that I met with him on Friday morning); in the afternoon on Friday I prepared Volume III, Number 3 of NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA (which is a beautiful issue) to be mailed out on Saturday morning. HLRP helped me and we had a grand time. She enjoys doing so and is a master at doing so by now. She has helped me with the past three issues. After supper on Friday I went to Viewmont Mall to give Derek Shaw his copies of III, 3. The Junior Achievement of Northeastern Pennsylvania has taken over Viewmont Mall for the weekend and Shaw is the head of the whole thing. I arrived about 7 P.M. and located him after about 30 minutes and we went over the paper and he was very pleased, as well he should be. He called me on 02-25-82 to ask about the paper and to tell me that he would be at the Mall on the weekend of 03-05-82 and that was at 12:30 P.M. that he called on 02-25-1982. I wanted to return to Box 29 before 8:30 so that I would be able to watch Rukeyser with WSP but it was after 9 PM when I returned and WSP was in bed. The remainder of the evening I prepared the mailing for Saturday morning and was up till about 2 A.M. On Saturday morning I was extremely tired but up and about before 9 and at the post office at 10 A.M. I had to wait about 25 minutes for the bulk mailing person but that didn't bother me even though it did bother some of the other